Free! what does it mean to be free? Is freedom a tangible object that we can all see, Or is it a measure created by mind. By laws invisible, weighed and defined?

Free! Is this a term whose limit and rule Has ever been fixed by schedule, or school? Has its birth been traced in the annals of time, Or its sounding been taken by plummet or

pand—

pand—

The knowledge of needs in life here on earth,

And the solving of these by a standard of

To be free is to throw off the freightage of fears,
To petition for truth, and when it appears,
Though startling in form or strange to the sight, To welcome it frankly in name of the right.

To be free is to stand at the center of being and pray
That our own inner lives be attuned in a That the chords of consciousness answer and To the touch of the Infinite hand and the Infinite will.

ADVENTURES OF A LOIT-

Leonce de Nerdun was a delightful fellow. He was 25 years old, had a beautiful black beard, elegantly trimmed, a coat cut in the latest style, an income of 15,000 francs, a law licentiate's diploma in a drawer, plenty of wit, much self-assurance, a good heart and an honorable name.

Having nothing to do, he was good for nothing. And how could he amuse himself? When a man is poor, the efforts necessary to him, his humble discouragements and joys, his disappointed hopes, are occupation enough for his mind. But it is quite otherwise to the man who lacks nothing. Agreeable lodgings, excellent meals, rides in the Bois and a box at the opera, are all a man want, but they are not very satisfying. To begin over again every morning, and turn the same mill all day every day, makes a pretty poor life. So thought Leonce, as he tapped the pavement with his heels in a melancholy fashion.

Chance, however, gave him an idea, and rescued him from his heaviest monotony-that of living by himself. He found the unexpected, which is even more difficult to discover than the

He was mechanically following the long areades of the Rue de Rivoli, one day, when he heard two full, joyous, amusing voices. He saw before him two rotund, solid men, with happy faces. From the conversation, he soon learned that they were provincials. Happy men! How they did enjoy themselves, and everything and everybody! And what plans they were making! For that day, the morthat. They did not hope to have time to see and do everything, but they

were going to try.

An idea flashed into Leonce's mind like lightning. "I do not know what to do," he thought; "I will do just what these men do. Perhaps it will be interesting, I will follow them all day, and will be the voluntary slave of two men who do not suspect their power."

the cad of the day he was surprised to find that he had really enjoyed himself. He had seen in the very Paris where he had been born a host of things of whose existence he had never

The day having proved one of the most agreeable in his life, Lconce resolved to repeat the same method of procedure as often as possible. Every morning about 9 o'clock he went to lounge in the Rue de Rivoli, and as soon as he saw a provincial of attractive appearance he gave the direction of his life for that day into his hands. We must acknowledge that Leonce soon preferred the ladies to the gentiemen; because, to be sure, the lady brought him more amusement than the gentleman. The woman is immensely superior in imagination; her caprices have infinite variety, the unexpected has a larger part in her existence; she must see everything, and nothing fatigues her; she is enterprising, ingenious, curious; in short, she is a wo-

Leonce, then, preferred for his purpose families in which there were wo-

the very outset. He was a man about 60 years old, square built, rubicand, and wrapped in an ample cloak; on his arm leaned a woman of 50, tall and thin, with a remnant of beauty. "M. Dulaurier," said she, with not the least caution not to be heard by

the passers, "we can truly say that we have a beautiful sight before us." "You are right a thousand times, Mme. Dulaurier! But there are the girls far in advance of us!"

"Louise! Louisette!" called Mme. Dulaurier; and two young women, who preceded their father and mother by a few steps, stopped and waited.

Louise was evidently older than her sister Louisette. She was tall and imposing, like her mother; she loved linen of dazziing whiteness laid in order in great oaken presses. She was a woman of strong mind. Louisette, on the other hand, was

slender, fair and naturally elegant, though she wore an ill-made dress. der hands sought the green ribbons of her hat with a gesture instinctively coquettish, which did not escape Leonce's all-seeing Parisian eye. He thought her charming, but awkward, and he began to follow the four with a special attention.

About 10 o'clock they all entered a cafe for breakfast, and Leonce took a seat at the table near so as to face Louisette. In a few moments he risked a glance at the young lady, who did not turn away her eyes. He attempted still more, and threw all the magnetism possible into his eyes; but this time the girl blushed slightly, leaned to speak to her mother, and did not

look up again. After breakfast the strangers took

by Leonce. long alleys of the park, under a scorching sun, they began to feel greatly fatigued, and Leonce heard Madame Dulaurier exclaim: "I wonder if we shall never come to a drop of water! I am so tired I am ready to

he went straight to Madame Dulaurier,

"Madame," said he, "I should never forgive myself if I did not come to your aid. I know this park thoroughly; and I can show you the fountain of

"A thousand thanks, sir," said Madam Dulaurier, surprised and charmed places. by the young man's grace of manner. He offered to show them the way to | parried the first blows very successful-

the fountain, and with much gayety and kindly feeling they set out to-Louise and Louisette walked a little

in advance of their parents and Le-"that this gentleman resembles wonderfully the one that was in the restaurant with us?"

"Why certainly not!" replied Lou-"All Parisians look alike." But she blushed as she spoke. When they reached the fountain they were already acquainted, and were mutually pleased. They would soon be friends if circumstances fa-

"Oh! father," said Louise, "instead of returning to that tiresome Paris, let

us stay here till evening."
"Till evening? My dear, it is impossible. We do not know the ways, and we have no place to dine." "If that is all," Leonce hestened to

say, "I am subject to your orders. I arbors, flowers and fountains, where we can dine even better than in Paris. It may be that my society is not agreeable to you, but yours, sir, and that of these ladies is so much to my taste that I should be very sorry to leave you.' Mme. Dulaurier, more and more charmed at Leonce's manners, replied

"I accept on my own authority, at the risk of encroaching on my husband's rights."

"I must at least, then, introduce myself to you in a more regular manner. I am the Viscount Leonce de "And I, sir," said M. Dulaurier, "am

Adolphe Dulaurier, old notary; these are my wife and our daughters. In an hour they were seated in the arbor promised by Leonce, and were altogether friends. Leonce had accepted with warm gratitude an invitation from Madame Dulaurier to visit them at their Flemish village home.

"Do you not think," whispered Louise to Louisette, "that father and mother became friends very easily and quickly with this stranger?" "Why no," replied Louisette;

perfectly natural." Two months later Leonce alighted at the railway station, Donia and M. Dulaurier offered his hand in welcome. He now had time to appreciate M. Dulaurier's unaffected kindliness, and strange to say the provincial, who had seemed to him slightly ridiculous in Paris, seen at home appeared to the young man as he really was-simple, natural, sympathetic and gentle.

Leonce was received with the most demonstrative joy by Mme. Dulaurier, with a cordial salutation by Louise, with an odd little smile by Louisette. It was nearly 7 o'clock, and M. Dulaurier rose, saying: "Since Van der Velde is not in yet, let him run after his partridges, and let us dine without

The repast was a real French dinner, with all the meats, poultry and game possible, an enormous quantity of beer, and all the wines one could think of.

After dinner, which was prolonged quite into the evening, M. Dulaurier, in consideration of his guest's fatigue, conducted him to his room at once. comes sat himself to opening his trunks and portmanteaux. he drew from a portfolio a letter daintily folded and perfumed, and began to read aloud, as follows:

"I love you Louise! Sweet and charming as you are, who would not love you? It is for this reason that I left Paris; it was to tell you this. For two months I have thought only of you, and of the happy day when I traveled with you, the day that determined my life. Oh, Louise! Louise! if you only loved me!"

"It is very good," said Leonce to himself. "I never expressed a note more suitably. Now the question is how to convey it to that lady. The simplest way is the best, of course. I'll put it under the door into her room. But where is her room? That

is the question." He then began to smoke a cigar, attentive, however, to every sound in the house. He had not long to wait, he soon heard light steps in the passage, the rustle of a robe; he rosei quekly and opened his door with the greatest caution, just in time to see Louisette's delicate tigure enter a room on the left

at the end of the gallery. Our hero allowed a few moments to elapse, and then, stepping like a cat, visited the door through which Louisette had disappeared, and adroitly slipped under the door the letter he had prepared. "Good!" he thought; "my letter

will be the first thing she sees in the morning." Then he went to bed, humming a tune, and slept the sleep of the just. At 7 the next morning he was awak-ened by a very lively sensation in his arm, as if it had been tightly grasped by iron pincers. Standing by his bed and holding his arm was a sort of giant, fully six feet tall, with the frame of Polyphemus, only this Cyclops had two little round eyes, which were

flashing fire; and he had a loud, hoarse, guttural voice. "Get up, Parisian!" he said, "I am Van der Velde!"
"Very well," said Leonce, half asleep and completely stupefied; "what shall I do about it?'

But the other lifted him by the arm, like a feather, and sent him in the middle of the room.

"This means that I am going to cut your throat, Parisian!".

"But what for?" "No explanations!" howled the gi-

"No explanations! dress yourself and follow me!" Van der Velde, seizing Leonthe arm, dragged him after him down a retired stairway to a deserted street. At the end of a few seconds he knocked at the door of a house and entered,

with Leonce still in tow. ence of four men, who were introducand two as those of Van der Vehie. and who were all acquainted with the cause of the duel, as Van der Velde

"But," objected Leonce, "men do not fight thus without a motive.-" "Ah-ha, Parisian! Perhaps, then,

not allow Van der Velde to finish his sentence.

they came to a little grove. One of they had a ready sale. Now nearly Sainte Marie, renowned through the the four witnesses carried the swords. every bank, lawyer's office, and rail-The four wi tesses chose a spot, and set | road office has one of them prominentthe giant and the young man in their | ly displayed. If I could have patented

Leonce was a very pretty fencer, and out of it.'

ly, even scratching his adversary's

The Cyclops, farious at his wound, falling upon Leonce with the force of a wild bull, pierced the young man's arm through and sightly wounded him in the breast. Horitoly pale, Leonce fell to the earth.

Van der Velde rushed to his side. and examined his hurt with anguish "Maladroit that I am! 'e cried, in a trembling tone; "I meant only to touch his arm, and his breast is wound-

Leonce held out his hand. "Why the devil, then, did you write der Velde. "And what a sitty action to throw the letter into her room! 1 picked it up myself."

"What!" murmured Leonce. "Louise your wife! You the husband of a girl 17! Well, sir, I congratulate you: your wife is the prettiest blonde I ever "Blonde! Poor boy; he doesn't

ean take you across to Clamart, where know what he is saying. My wife is I know of a pretty restaurant, with quite dark. She is 28 years old, too. He is confounding her with his sister, Louisette, who is altogether too fair." "Your sister, sir! But my letter was for her. I saw her go into that room,

> My sister did follow my wife to her room to bid her good night, and remained there but a few moments." "Then, sir, you are not the pretty girl's husband! I can forgive you my

wound." Leonce had lost much blood, and he fainted.

When consciousness returned Monsieur and Madam Dulaurier were busied in caring for him, Van der Velde was weeping at the foot of his bed and Louisette was watching him with a pale and anxious face. "Ah!" murmured poor Van der Velde, "to think that I should have

supposed—but it was not my wife."
"No explanations!" said Leonce, extending his sound hand to the giant. "No explanations!" And this is what a man gains by running after the country folks; he

finds a wife, which is the best fortune I can wish you.

Tulips. As in the case of hyacinths, the single varieties of these force earlier and better than the double ones. Tulips require the same soil and treatment as hyacinths, only that several roots should be potted together in one small not in order to form a good group. Roman hyacinths are valuable on account of their earliness, as they can, if potted in September or August, be easily had in flower in November. They are useful for decorative purposes if potted or planted pretty thickly, but being scentless, and otherwise inferior hyncinth they are sel dom grown after the latter comes in. Both snowdrops and crocuses force early and freely, and should be potted thickly in pots or pans in about four inches of sod, and forced very gently as soon as rooted, under the same treatment as hyacinths before potting. They make an effective display in a cool house between Christmas and April, during which period they may be had in flower by introducing batches from the cool frame every ten days or so. The polyanthus narcissus of different

sorts have always been favorites for forcing, but of late the daffodil section has become popular for this purpose, and very handsome pot plants they make; and the beautiful N. bulbocodium, or small hoop petticoat daffodili is one of the best. It does better in pots than out doors, as a rule, and stands a good while in perfection. There are no neater subjects for pot culture, and those who grow it once will grow it always. The small bulbs should be potted early in the autumn-say August or September-kept cool till rooted, and then forced into flower in gentle heat. The whole of the daffodils force in this way. N. Horsfieldi is one of the best large-flowered sorts for the purpose as it flowers very freely, does not grow tall, and is one of the very best of its class. The large-flowered single N. maximus is also good; so is the common double daffodil; and the little N. nanus makes almost as neat a specimen as N. bulbocodium. The larger kinds must have pots from six to eight inches in size, and the small varieties wiil succeed well in four to five-inch ones, and in any common soil that is light and sandy. All are extremely easy to force, and the bulbs are comparatively cheap .- London Field.

Sam Bennet, of San Antonio, had a large lot of perishable groceries he wanted shipped to a point on the Sunset route. If the goods did not arrive on time, Sam knew that he would lose several thousand dollars. Of course he could sue the railroad company for damages, but he also knew that no merchant ever got his money back by suing the railroad company for damages. He felt sure that, owing to the they enrich their enjoyment of to-day rive on time. It was of no use to threaten the officers of the railroad, so he to beware lest when his day has bewas in a quandary what to do. A happy thought occurred to him. Seeing Gibbs, the general freight agent, Sam

"Gibbs, you've got the slowest road in Texas. I'll bet it will take a week for my goods to get from here to Andrewsville."

"What will you bet?" "I'll bet a basket of champagne; but I know I'll win it, for you can't make more than fifty miles a day with a freight train on your road."

Gibbs was exasperated. His professional pride as a freight agent was touched. He called his witnesses to the bet, and made a memorandum of it, and he won it too, for the way Sam Bennet's goods were rushed over the line was a caution.

Sam Bennet put up the wine, but he didn't mind it, as he saved the expenso of delay and the worry of a lawsuit -- Texus ciflings.

Cigaret smoking (says a New York paper) has become such a general nuisance that small signs have been printed and are kept for sale, which read: "No smoking allowed in this

office." A man who sells these says: "The greatest demand for them come from banks. The young men who make deposits and carry messages burning paper and poor tobacco that entence.
"I follow you, sir," he said quickly. It is almost poison to them, and I found At the end of a few moments' walk | that when I began printing these cards the idea, I might bave made a fortune

CASTLE GARDEN.

The Proposed Summer Garden on the The elevated railroads in New York not only make the upper part of the city easily accessible from the lower, nt they as easily bring up-town downtown. This is so pleasantly and conveniently done by the new aerial passage that the Times suggests that the old pleasure resort at the Battery may. be again turned to good account, and if not the prime of State street—the "glory of Smithfield"—yet that the musical attractions of the Battery for love letters to my wae?" cried Van the up-town resident may be restored. The Parge Office, as a depository of all personal baggage arriving from Europe, is to be discontinued, and a huge hall will be available for some popular purpose; and why not, says the shrewd journal, for great popular concerts? Why not a marine summer garden? And the elderly New-Yorkers who recall Jullien's concerts at Castle Garden and the summer night opera at Castle Garden will echo, Why not?"

The saunterer along the broad and orderly walks of the Battery to-day has but to pause and lean upon the railing above the water, enjoying the pretty spectacle and breathing the ocean air, and to ask himself, as he considers Castle Garden, what could be pleasanter, on an August evening when the moon is full, than to sit upon its outer wall and to watch the lovely scenery in the coolness, and listen to the well-modulated orchestra within? Central Park is charming, and to sit under the trees and listen to the band is delightful. The Casino is a gay summer resort, and in the city squares the occasional music is most welcome. But if Romeo and Juliet emerging into the evening air anywhere about Twentieth street, should weigh the various solicitations for a pleasant evening at a reasonable price and at an easy accessible spot, would they not find the concert in the refreshing air of the bay

more alluring than any rival? They would be wise if, deciding for the Battery, they should avoid the old prosers who remember those Jullien concerts, and that opera, and the great concerts of Jenny Lind. That old building haunts the memory of the proser as the attic of Beranger filled all the poet's rearward musing with pathetic music. If the young people are not very wary, the proser will begin to tell them the story of that evening when between the parts of the concert in which for the first time Jullien played the "Katydid Waltz," he was taken across the Battery to State street, and into the house that was the latest occupied of all that fine row facing the bay, each with a lofty triangular balcony, and there for a moment tasted the festive hospitality of a day which was already past in that old-fashioned street, but which was never kinder or heartier than in its latest surviving drawing-room. Of the thousands native and foreign-born who daily pass along the broad curving Battery walk upon old State street, how many know. that it was the selectest street of resi-

dence in the New York of sixty and seventy years ago? How many of them, also, remember that in Castle Garden Jenny Lind sang for the last time in America? In both concerts she sang "Casta Diva." Who sings "Casta Diva" at a concert now? Bayard Taylor wrote the last song, the "Farewell to America;" Otto Goldsmith, who was to be her husband, composed the music. When she came on to sing it, Jenny Lind carried a boquet of white roses, with a Maltese cross of red rosebuds in the center. Take care, Monsieur Romeo, and you, Mademoiselle Juliet, or the incorrigible proser will be protesting that he sent those precious flowers; and should he say it, who could authoritatively gainsay it? Who, indeed, but some bles and maunders about Malibran.

other old proser, whose memory has fallen into decrepitude, and who mum-It was a smaller New York to which Jenny Lind sang, and Steffanone and Bosio and Truffi and Benedetti. They all warbled in yonder garden, where other birds sing now. Thomas had not come then, nor waved the enchanted baton which has opened to us a new realm of music. But Jullien played pretty waltzes and tuneful overtures, and patted and puffed and panted as he directed, and then sank into his chair with a droll air of exhaustion at

"Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all,' as Father Prout makes Beranger sing. It was the day of smaller things. But how pleasant they were! It was a smaller New York. But ask the old proser, if you cannot escape him, who was young then, whether it was not quite as good a New York as the roar-

ing Babel of to-day. Besides the ocean air and the moon upon the water, Romeo and Juliet can readily see that the summer-evening concerts at the Battery would have a little setting of tradition, a background of the music of other days. And as usual delay, the goods would not ar- with that pensive echo of yesterday, possibly Juliet will admonish Romeo come yesterday, and he talks of the music he remembers, he too, like the old gentleman whom the Easy Chair warns them to avoid, should become a proser. - George William Curtis, in

William Gifford, Editor of the "Lon-

Perfect harmony subsisted from first to last between editor and publisher. Gifford soon became, moreover, and while he lived remained, Murray's chief his surprise, and he hastened home literary adviser and confidant, whom with what had been so strangely sent, he consulted on every occasion. Nor went up into his wife's sick room, and was the ex-editor of the Anti-Jacobin placed the objects she had longed for and seemingly merciless satirist of the Baviad and Maviad at all a narrowminded or an ill-natured man. A few years after the establishment of the Quarter'y Review George Ticknor (ætat. 23) arrived in London with letters of introduction to Gifford among others, and the young American thus recorded the contrast between what he thought to have found and what he did find the Aristarch of the Quarterly Review. "Instead," Ticknor writes, "of a tall, handsome man, as I had supposed him to be from his picture, man of sour and bitter remarks, as I had good reason to believe him for his books, I found him a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but withal Leonce was brave enough, and did ot allow Van der Velde to finish his ted to the vice of smoking cigarets.

There is something about the smell of cigarets and well-bred gentiemen I have met." view the severest and strictest of editors, writing little or nothing himself, but stern and sometimes trying in his revision of his contributors' articles .-F. Espinasse, in Harper's Magazine for

September. young negress with a luxuriant growth wheat to the acre maintained for years.

Washington Dudes.

He was handling some mysterious fashionable drug store. "I'll twouble you to send it to my quarters, if you don't mind. You'll end it early? Ah, thanks, awfully!" Then with a few languid strides he carried himself to the door and strolled down the street, throwing his heavy horn-handled cane right across his path at every step, then dexterously jerking it away just

in time to let himself by. "Vanilla cream," said the Star man, tossing a nickel on the marble in front of the soda fountain. The druggist looked amused as he draw the water "A dude," was the reply.

"O, I thought it was something the matter with the water," and the Star man finished his glass freed of an aw-"He's one of 'em."

and whispered in the Star man's ear.

in a hoarse whisper. Then he proceeded to let out some astonishing se cosmetics to men here than to women. please silly girls."

"But what kind of fellows are they?" asked the scribe, becoming interested

in the new discovery. "Do you mean to say-?" exclaimed

the scribe. they do use lots of powder," and then for four hours, while Prof. Bell applied him on the head, and I saw a bat fly-

"Yes," he continued, "it is sad to see how men use cosmetics. They seem to care a readout looking pretty than school gras do. Why, even the girls themselves get ashamed of it and declare they are disgusted and will declare the bad in hand. At the end front shutters, and taking a bed-spread for horologists established. The first they wants a school front shutters, and taking a bed-spread front shutters, and themselves get ashamed of it and de-clare they are disgusted and will de-compact result of hard thinking him myself in this time.' Then I got pend upon long waiks, cold water, and and carried to the mind of the mad, and I slung the spread around at flannel for their complexions, and will listener a complete scientific idea. In stop using powder of any kind. There half an hour he had indicated to the are lots of them who never use a bit, man a new and great invention, and and there's where they are sensible, the workman said if we had known this The best thing for the complexion is two months ago we might have saved exercise and flannel underwear. Flan- two months' labor. It demonstrated nel stimulates the skin, brings about to me the wonderful versatility of the a healthy action of the blood, which is man who, in his far-advanced studies essential for delicacy and clearness of on the subject of sound and hearing, tint. Frequently those who have the could pass to utterly diverse subjects best complexion bother about it most." | instantiy and with perfect mastery of

story, which I have come across in the Presbyterian Monthly Visitor, is quite correct. That Mrs. Spurgeon should have had a longing for a piping-bullfinch and an onyx ring is remarkable, but still more remarkable is it that incontinently, these two incongruous wishes should have at once dropped down from heaven for her delectation: "During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before Mr. Spurgeon left her room for the journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not

valid, and they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call at the Tabernacle, and after reading a voluminous correspondence, came at last to a letter and a parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the inclosed onyx ring, necklet, and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified placed the objects she had longed for before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard to override his promise, but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case, she was filled with surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it? His reply was characteristic: I think you are one of your heavenly Father's spoiled children, and

months at a hotel his manhood is gone

average of twenty-five bushels of

A TIRELESS INVENTOR.

and stood smiling at the scribe as he has a private and secret laboratory disposed of it. "What is it?" asked or in Georgetown, where at present

hat do you think he buys? You carrin't guess." Then he went over

"Rouge. Yes, rouge, for the cheeks and lips, and face powder, too, and he wears corsets," replied the druggist, crets. "There are lots of them in this city, more than anywhere I have ever been, and I've stood in drug stores in most of the large cities. We sell more Comparatively few women in Washington paint and most of them have pretty good complexions. It's the men. They buy all the fancy French powders and paints, color their cheeks and lips and pencil their brows. I could stand at the door a few minutes with you and point out any number who do all this, and you can see for yourself, if you take the trouble to notice, that they all wear corsets. You didn't know that? Pshaw; it's a common thing among these fellows, who don't have anything to do but fix themselves up to

"They are mostly young men whose fathers have made some money and then died and left them to spend it. Then there are the ... Here his voice sank to a whisper.

"No, no; I wouldn't tell anybody for the world," broke in the druggist "I only imply it; imply it-that's the word. | language. He is training these little Of course, it's only the young ones. children so that they can distinguish None of the men who have seen service from the lips and face of the person would do such a thing. But you know speaking what they say, and teaching some of these young fellows who are on duty here and spend their time in ment of the lips, teeth, and tongue so suppose if we should have a war they would get over it—or resign. Don't other evening tells me that while he mention it, please—." Then the drug- was there one of his workmen came in mine, called me about 12 o'clock one gist became more confidential. "But for instructions. The man sat there night and said something had struck

- Washington Star.

A Spoiled Child. I wonder whether the following

be annoved with her for telling him what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a piping-bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station as well as call at the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house, the mother of the patient, to his amusement, asked Mr. Spurgeon if Airs. S. would like a piping-bullfinen, that they had one, but that its music was trying to the in-

He just gives you whatever you ask Bishop Turner, a prominent colored Georgian, urges the young men of his race to seek homes on the government lands of the west instead of clinging to the eastern cities and engaging in ocstrength of the material. cupations too often servile. Says the The large office of the secretary of est young man in Georgia and let him the navy opens through windows that polar expedition." come out of Harvard or Yale with a reach nearly to the floor upon a masdiploma as large as a bed-sheet, but sive granite portico. This is surroun-

Prof. Bell's Latest Production of Genius His Great Mental Energy.

Prof. Bell, it might be thought, after having given to the world the telephone, would be content with his scientific conquests, but he is still actively at work upon problems of sound and electricity in a way that promises an invention of far greater importance, scientifically and practically, than the telephone itself. His laboratory is an old-fashioned two-story house on Connecticut avenue, near N street, in the neighborhood of the British Legation. Stanley Mathew's house, and the residence of Mrs. John Davis. He also gaged upon the forthcoming instru-

a most skillful workman enment. What it is is known only to moved by soaking in a weak solution Prof. Bell and the man who is working at the idea. The great inventor has said to his friends that if he succeeds his new idea will yield him greater re-turns than the telephone has. It is leaves. suspected, however, by those who have given some attention to the course of Prof. Bell's thought upon the subject, that it is the photophone, or the use of electricity to reproduce over the wires the image of the person speaking before the instrument.

Prof. Bell is a man of prodigious mental energy, and he is constantly developing new ideas and new appli cations of electrical force for the production of useful machines. He throws them off as easily and carelessly as you brush. can fancy. For instance, he made not long ago an instrument called the audiometer. Perhaps not a dozen of them have been made. It consists of magnetic cylinders graduated to each other. These cylinders will indicate oy measurement how much sound it is possible for a deaf person to hear and if they can hear at all. Although it is an important instrument Prof. Bell allows any one who wants to get one of his modelmaker, and himself asks no return for it. Prof. Bell has also devised an instrument which might be shelves over the doors and windows, called the submarine telephone, by which can be ascertained from the echo from a stone dropped upon the bottom of the bay or river in which the craft may be floating just what depth is at that point.

Prof. Bell is gradually growing out of all business pursuits and devoting himself to the improvement of the deaf. He is constantly giving more and more time to his little school on Sixteenth street, where he has perhaps a score of pupils, most all of them wholly deaf, to whom he is teaching the art of sight each." It is understood also that Prof. Bell is at work upon the problem of resolving heat at once into electricity, a result, if it can be obtained, that will greatly simplify and cheapen all uses of electricity. -- Washington Cor. Patts-

burg Commercial-Guzette. But, if primitive man knew how to bully, he also knew how to outwit the ghost. For example, a ghost can only find his way back to the house by the way by which he left it. This little weakness did not escape the vigilance of our ancestors, and they took their measures accordingly. The coshin was carried out of the house, not by the door, but by a hole made for the purpose in the wall, and this hole carefully stopped up as soon as the body had been passed through it; so that, when the ghost strolled quietly back from the grave, he found to his surprise that there was no thoroughfare. The credit of this ingenious device is shared equally by Greenlanders, Hottentots, Bechuanas, Samoieds, Ojibways, Algonquins, Luosians, Hindoos Thibetans, Siamese, Chinese, and Feejeeans. These special openings, or "doors of the dead," are still to be seen in a village near Amsterdam, and they were common in some towns of central Italy, as Perugia and Assisi. A trace of the same custom survives in Thuringen, where it was thought that the ghost of a man who has been hanged will return to the house if the body be not taken out by a window instead

The Siamese, not content with carrying the dead man out by a special opening, endeavor to make assurance doubly sure by hurrying him three times round the house at full speed -- a proceeding well calculated to bewilder he poor soul in the coslin. have asked me that question. Strang-The Araucanians adopt the plan of

strewing ashes behind the coffin as it is being borne to the grave, in order that the ghost may not be able to find his The very general practice of closing the eyes of the dead appears to have originated with a similar object; it was a mode of blindfolding the dead, that

he might not see the way by which he

was carried to his last home. - James

G. Frazer, in l'opular Science Monthly

for September. There is still much debate as to the extent to which iron and steel should be strained when testing for manufacture into boilers, girders, bolts, etc., but a sort of general agreement has been arrived at that the test stress ought not to be less than one-third or more than one-half of the ultimate

after he has blacked boots for three ded by a heavy balustrade. Secretary Whitney has utilized this portico during the recent hot weather by stretching awning screens across the entrance By sowing a bushel of salt to the acre a Fayette County, Missouri, farmer believes he has succeeded in the county of the county lieves he has succeeded in keeping his retreat. When he wants to have a confidential chat with a visitor he invites him out on the portice. where they can a hearty breakfast off an old shoe lace staring me in the face. I fled."--Hartalk undisturbed

Things to Know.

That it is easier to retain health than

to regain it.

That serious headaches often come from ill-fitting spectacles. That tin cleaned with paper will shine better than cleaned with flannel. That cistern water may be purified by charcoal put in a bag and hung in

the water. That powdered rice, sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds, wil

stop bleeding.
That salt will remove the stain from silver caused by eggs when applied dry with a soft cloth.

That hot, dry flannels applied to the face and neck, is a very effective remedy for a "jumping toothache." That fruit or rust stains on table linen or other white clothes may be reof oxalic acid.

That hard waters are to be preferred to soft waters in the teapot, as the hard waters dissolve less of the tannin of the

That after tea has been steeped in boiling water for three minutes, a large proportion of the valuable constituents are extracted. That the most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copper-

as dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.
That plaster of Paris ornaments may be cleaned by covering them with a thick layer of starch, letting it dry

thoroughly and brushing with a stift with furniture and ornaments, no matter how costly, is never restful and homelike, and always suggestive of the shop or the museum.

That old feather beds, by putting them upon a clean grass plot during a heavy shower, permitting them to be thoroughly wet through and then dried and beaten with light rods, will freshen and enliven the feathers.

That a dark and gloomy room may be brightened by placing ebonized grouping scarlet, yellow or gilded fans upon the walls, and placing pretty bric-a-brac and vases in positions where they will be brought into relief

by a cheerful background. That by acting on the following instructions a nice Summer drink may be made: Cut a lemon into thin slices put them in a jar or pitcher, and add a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and a pint of hot water; let it stand until cool; strain into a bottle; place on ice until wanted .- Good Housekeeping.

A Bat That Cost \$12 Lieutenant Farnan, of the Southern Police District, has a pickled leatherwinged bat. He didn't buy it, but he says the bat cost him a considerable seciety get very effeminate. I that they may articulate sounds. A sum, and he intends to keep it. His "One of my little the bat again, but instead of hitting him I knocked every ornament off the mantlepiece and broke the globes on the chandelier. Then I was madder than before, and I tried to fall on the bat as he came near the floor, and I fell over a chair and broke that. All the time my wife was saying, 'Tom, open the shutters and let the bat out, and don't tear the house down.' That made me still worse, and making a desperate plunge I got the spread over him and floored him. The bat squealed, and I was afraid to put my hand under the spread and take him out. Finally, I got my wife to bring me an old buckskin glove, and I got him out and held him in a bucket of water until I drowned him. Reckoning damages, I suppose that bat cost me about \$12, and I intend to hold on to it until some fool is willing to take it off my

hands at cost."-Ballimore American.

cool water.

A traveler stopped at a toll gate and asked the keeper if he had any good,

"John," said the keeper, turning to his son, "fetch me the gun—the one loaded with buckshot." "Hold on!" exclaimed the traveler. "I meant no harm."

"Well, then I'll let you off." The traveler rode on, wondering why the question had caused offense. He stopped at a house and asked a man if he could tell him why the gate-keeper became angry. "Yes, I can tell you. He has to car-

ry water about a mile and a half and it is always warm by the time he gets home with it. Every one that comes along asks if he's got good, cool water.
He scarcely hears anything else from
morning until night. The man who kept the gate last year went crazy, but this fellow seems to stand it better. He is rather even tempered, and although he has kept the gate several months he has only killed two drummers and crippled a boy. I kept that

gate once." "Did the people annoy you?"
"Not much. I only had to knock down one man and stab another one, but I only kept the gate a week." "Why don't the fellow dig a well?" "Now look here, a thousand men

er, I reckon you'd better mosey."-Arkansan Traneler.

Arctic Exploration. There will be a general acquiescence in the opinion of Lieut. Danenhower in respect to the practicability of further

Arctic exploration when he says: "After having served with one Arctic expedition, and having devoted seven years to the study of the subject, as well as to the watchful observation of the numerous efforts and the comparative insignificant results attending sacrifice of human life and treasure, I unhesitatingly record myself as opposed to further exploration of the central polar basin with our present resources. The gradual extension of observatory stations in the interests of meteorological, magnetism and other scientific branches should be made, but national support should not be given to another

Lient. Greely and other explorers take an opposite view of the matter, and the question is one which will probably be much discussed, but the result of the recent expeditions point game is not worth the candle.

and finds the unfortunate shoe still at per's Bazar. the end of it. -Fall River Advance.

MISSING LINKS.

Patti is writing a book of memoirs. Mrs. Mackey's sapphires are the finest worn in England

All the relatives of ex-Vice President Wheeler have died during the past ten Copperas mixed with the whitewash

put upon the cellar-walls will keep ver-

Miss Nellie Arthur is said to be growing prettier and more charming

A daughter of E. P. Ree, the novelist, who is yet in her teens, has already begun to write stories.

It has been figured out that 5,400,-000,000 passengers were carried by the world's railways in 1882. Prince Louis of Battenberg is a prac-

tical printer and frequently uses the stick and rule for amusement Henry Irving agreed with an English hotographer not to have any pictures aken during his American-tours

Margaret Weston, Dakota's weather

prophet, is one hundred and ten years of age. She is old enough to know bet-According to an eminent Southern authority on barbecues it takes ten hours to roast a whole ox to perfec-

Sarah Bernhardt is said to be seized with a laudable desire to get out of debt. Sarah is evidently, becoming a real good girl.

A Philadelphia woman, one hundred

and eight years old, is cutting a new set of teeth and has recently regained her eyesight. Museum managers are tempting a Wisconsin girl to exhibit the horns which are concealed by a careful ar-

rangement of her hair. Edward Everett Hale says he has cured eight of his children of whoopin cough by taking them to the gas factories of South Boston. Berry Wall, who is called "King of

the Dudes" in New York, manages to spend an income of \$50,000 a year in keeping up that reputation. Lady Coleridge, the bride of the Lord Chief Justice of England, is a blonde, with a rather pretty oval face, and is

said to be musical in her tastes.

Figure-heads for ships and steamboats are going out of use. Where in 1860 there were in Boston six carvers of these heads, now there is only one. The best way of schering up is to bathe the head and wrists in cold water, and take a potion of bromide of potassium and aromatic ammonia or

blotting pad that retains an impression of a missing document, has actually turned up as evidence in a real Cali-There is capital to the amount of \$100,000,000 invested in the watch and clock interest in the United States, and

That old device of novel and drama,

the Jewelers' Circular wants a school Massachusetts man named Wickers, * from whom it was stolen, sold to an some merit as a painting and a good deal as a historic record of the appear-

ance of the falls before houses were built near them. the St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes that, in his declining years, the late Mark Hopkins built a huge Gothic castle on the very summit of Nob Hill-One day, walking past the house, he looked up at it, and, turning to an at-tendant, growled out: "Who is the fool that is putting good money into that ugly house?" He had forgotten his

own place. It is said that when Lord Beaconsfield, out of office, solaced himself by publishing "Endymion" and made one of his characters, Waldershare, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the position then held by Sir Charles Dilke, he evidently intended to picture the statesman who has just suffered a partial and saved himself from a total eclipse by the payment of \$125,000 to the injured lord of a lady.

"To meet the requirements of a classic figure," says a writer in the Indianapolis Journal; "a lady should be 5 feet 44 inches tail, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the bust, 261 inches about the waist, 35 over the hips, 111 inches around the ball of the arm, 61 inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small."

short visit to England thi- Fall, and will then come back to this country with her children for the purpose of educating and bringing them up as Americans. It was the wish of General Grant that the children should be so educated. Besides this, Mrs. Sartoris is anxious to be with her mother for some time at least. Mrs. Grant wishes to have her children about her. It is said by old prospectors that there is not a mountain-peak in Colo-

It is said that Mrs. Sartoris, General

Grant's only daughter, will make a

rado on the tip top of which there is not a tin can. Tourists and mountain-climbers have a habit of taking up with them a tin can to be left at the summit for the disposition on slips of paper of the names of all who ascend the mountain after them. It is also said that one may wander to the uttermost depths of the wilderness into places where the foot of mortal man has apparently never trod, and there will be found the inevitable tin can. Indeed. it would seem that the can, rather than the ax, is the pioneer of civilization. "We have many queer experiences

in the practice of my profession," said the doctor, as he deftly dusted the powders on the little papers spread before him. "Only the other day I drove over to Ossian, seven miles away, to fering from an incurable disease that I had been treating for some months. Tying my horse I walked to the house and entered the sitting-room without knocking. Judge of my surprise to see lying on a stretcher the dead body of my patient clad for burial, and his coffin upon the bier awaiting its occupant. I had just time to note these things when the wife came in, and simply saying 'Good-morning,' she slipped to a cupboard, and taking out an envelope containing money emptied it upon the coffin-lid, and counting out my fee handed it to me, replaced the strongly to the conclusion that the room without saying a word. I had often been paid in the presence of my recovered patients, but never before Nothing bothers a modest but hungry with the stiff, stark evidence of the in-old hen so much as when she has made effectiveness of my favorite 'pathy'